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DR. SLOAN'S SECRET

Story of a Supposed Sensation

BY O. S. ADAMS.

PART I.

It was always a pleasure to work under Wilbur. He was a model city editor. Reporters are quick to discern judgment, tact, sagacity and enthusiasm in the chief who directs their labors; and Wilbur possessed these qualities to an eminent degree. Besides, he was invariably cool, courteous and considerate; so that with the respect which he inspired in every member of the staff was mingled a warmer feeling of personal attachment. Of course, he ruled absolutely; but, if the sinews of his power were steel, the touch of his hand was velvet; so that he was a leader rather than a despot, and our recognized guiding spirit in the ceaseless search for news.

However, Wilbur has nothing in particular to do with the events that are to be related, except that he issued the order which led to my participation in them. I have mentioned his characteristics merely to emphasize the unquestioning alacrity with which that order was obeyed, and to show the spirit that prevailed among the eight reporters of the Morning Clarion.

It was half-past 10 o'clock at night. For a rarity, my assignments had been early and easy ones, and nothing remained before me but "skirmish" work. I was just about to take a stroll in search of pick-up items, when Wilbur emerged from his seven-by-nine room and stepped up to my desk.

"Denning," he said, "I want you to go out to Dr. Sloan's asylum. Get an interview with the Doctor, and look through the institution with your eyes wide open. Get back to the office at 12 o'clock, and then you can have an hour and a half to write up what you discover in a column."

I listened with surprise and dismay to this demand, and gave Wilbur a look of dubious inquiry. But he was as imperturbed as if a church festival had been the subject under consideration, while his face preserved a sphinx-like serenity. I saw at once that questioning would be fruitless, and that my mission was to be performed without any preconceived notions of what might be the outcome of the expedition. Wilbur immediately withdrew into his sanctum and nothing but prompt action lay before me.

Equipped with pencil and paper, those two little implements the uses of which are boundless in their possibilities, I left the office and took a street-car which was to convey me to the outskirts of the city. The errand before me was a delicate one. To wake up the proprietor of a lunatic asylum at that unreasonable hour, and coolly inform him that I had come to look over his institution, required an amount of "nerve" somewhat in excess even of that which the veteran reporter is credited with exercising in the oft-happening emergencies of his calling.

As the street-car moved along, I began to get my wits in shape, and three trains of thought took possession of my brain. First, it was decidedly flattering to be selected to do this strange night's work; second, it must be done well; third, it would require coolness, and tact, and perhaps quickness of thought and action. Then the pride of craft and the ambition for success came as stimulating impulses, and all hesitation had vanished when the end of the street-car line was reached.

There still remained a walk of three minutes, and this brought me before a massive stone building, all sides of which except the front opened into a spacious yard encompassed by a gloomy-looking wall twelve feet in height. It was a bright moonlight night, and the outlines of the edifice stood out in bold relief against a clear sky. Silence reigned unbroken except by the whistling of the crickets and tree-toads. Only two lights were visible about the building—one shining faintly through the transom over the front door, and the other glimmering from a corner window in the third story, where, perchance, some poor mind distorted human being was writhing in an agony of delusion, denied even the respite of sleep.

But the occasion was not one for reflection, and I quickly ascended the stone steps and gave the door-bell a vigorous pull. The silence that succeeded was oppressive. Five minutes passed without any response, and I rang again.

After a brief interval there came a voice, startling in its suddenness and in the peculiar hissing sound acquired by its passage through the keyhole.

"Who's there?"

"I wish to see Dr. Sloan," I responded.

"What is your business with him?"

"If you will open the door I will give you my card."

"We don't open the door at this time of night."

"But I must see the Doctor."

"You will have to call to-morrow morning. He is in bed, and it's against the rules to disturb him at this hour."

"But hold on!" I exclaimed; the sound of receding footsteps came from within, indicating that there was no intention to admit me. Silence then succeeded, and it was evidently taken for granted that I would abandon my purpose of seeing Dr. Sloan. But reporters of the Clarion were not accustomed to surrender so easily, and after five minutes' pause I again rang the bell vigorously.

Very soon there came the sound of a quick and emphatic tread, and the voice whispered sharply through the key-hole:

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to see Dr. Sloan."

"If you don't stop this disturbance and take yourself away, I will call a policeman."

"That won't do any good. Tell Dr. Sloan that Mr. Demming, of the Morning Clarion, wants to see him on important business."

"Well, I'll tell him, but it won't do any good."

"No fooling now," I replied. "If you don't come back within five minutes I will ring again and keep it up till daylight."

The result was that the door was opened within the specified time, and I was admitted into a dimly lighted hall. I found myself in the presence of a stalwart young fellow, who scanned me with a somewhat surly look.

"I am sorry to disturb the doctor," I said, "but it couldn't be helped."

"Come on" he said shortly, and led the way up a broad stairway. We went directly to the doctor's private study, which opened into his sleeping apartment. The man withdrew, and I could hear the doctor moving about as if dressing. Two minutes latter he appeared. He was a magnificent speciman of stalwart manhood—large of frame, of model proportions, with a face full of intellectual power, and eyes which were clear, penetrating and charged with hypnotic force.

I arose and faced him, while he gazed at me with stern inquiry.

"Good evening, Dr. Sloan."

He bowed slightly.

"I have come on a somewhat peculiar errand."

"Kindly make it known as briefly as possible."

His voice was deep, and possessed a peculiar vibratory ring, rather than mellowness of tone. Clearly, he was one accustomed to inspire respect and impel obedience on the part of others. But my part was not to be cowed. Any display of trepidation would have resulted in the certain defeat of my object. So I replied coolly:

"I have come to look over your asylum."

"What!" he ejaculated with a sudden infusion of anger that made his voice sound almost like a growl.

"And write it up for to-morrow morning's Clarion," I added calmly.

At this Dr. Sloan burst into a snort of contemptuous laughter, while he glared at me from the towering height of an outraged dignity.

"Young man," he said, doesn't it strike you that this is a piece of superb impudence?"

"It may have that look to a casual observer," I admitted.

"I never observe anything casually," he interrupted.

"Certainly not but I am acting under orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Those of the management of the paper."

"And suppose I decline to permit you to go through the institution."

"Well, sir, that would subject me to the mortification of reporting to the city editor that I had failed to work my assignment. Besides"—I hesitated.

"Well?"

"I should be obliged to report that you declined to permit an inspection of the institution?"

"Is that intended as a threat?" he asked, eyeing me intently and defiantly.

"Certainly not, sir. The city editor would make such use of the information as he saw fit."

A curious smile passed over the Doctor's face.

"I assure you I am not here from personal choice," I continued, "but the Clarion reporters are not accustomed to shrink from obeying orders."

"Well, sir," he said, after a moment's reflection, and with a touch of grim humor in his voice, "I will not subject you to the mortification of reporting a failure. You shall inspect the institution, and you shall do it thoroughly. I will warrant you that your curiosity will be amply satisfied before we are through. How much time have you to devote to the task?"

"An hour and ten minutes," I replied, after looking at my watch and making a brief calculation.

"That will do very well. Come on. You shall explore every inch of the building!"

Without further ceremony Dr. Sloan preceded me into the main hall, and we began the tour of inspection.

"Where is your note-book?" he asked.

"I never use one except in taking long speeches or statistics," I replied.

From room to room we went, now to the apartment of a fierce-looking, bearded man, now to that of a sad-faced, hopeless woman, thence to a closet, or a store-room. Most of the patients were asleep, but occasionally there was one whose wild eyes refused to close.

We accidentally awoke one beautiful young girl. When we first beheld her, her face was serene in sleep, and so placid that it was difficult to believe that she was a lunatic. But as she stirred and opened her eyes a change came. The look of a tortured soul came upon her face, all intelligence vanished, and she began to rave. The transition was startling and frightful.

The Doctor spoke to her, sternly at first, then kindly, and soon restored her to composure. We left her sleeping. Her attendant, a middle-aged woman who lay on a couch, contemplated the proceedings with evident displeasure, but apparently did not feel at liberty to speak any word of protest to Dr. Sloan.

The Doctor led me a wearisome journey. Through long hallways, from one room to another, we tramped, and discovered nothing but the most perfectt order, and a system which apparently worked for the greatest welfare and comfort of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum.

"I believe you have seen everything," said Dr. Sloan, as we finally approached the front stairway again and were about to descend to the outer door.

"I assure you I am very much obliged," I said. "Your institution seems to be a model one."

"Thank you," replied the Doctor, dryly.

In truth, I was rather disappointed. I had made no discovery even remotely bordering on the sensational, and would be at my wits' ends to write anything concerning the institution that would possess any elements of novelty or interest.

But the unexpected always happens. Just as we were half-way down the stairs there was the sound above of some one rushing through the hall. It came nearer, and the Doctor paused and listened, I, of course, doing likewise.

In another instant a form leaned over the bannister and a face looked down upon us. It was the face of a woman and was one of rare beauty. A pale complexion, features exquisitely formed, jet black hair floating above in wavy masses, dark eyes of wonderful depth—these were what I saw at the first glance.

And that first glance was all. The Doctor halted and spoke sharply and sternly:

"Marion, go to your room!"

There was the sound of low laughter, and quickly as it appeared the vision vanished.

I looked inquiringly at Dr. Sloan, but he only said:

"Your time is up, I believe, Mr. Denning. I will bid you good night. James, show this gentleman out."

There was no appeal from this decided dismissal, and besides, as the Doctor said, it was time for me to start back to the Clarion office.

A moment later I was in the outer air, and was about to start off at a brisk walk, for it was past midnight, and no street-cars were running.

But before I was ten feet from the door a soft voice floated through the air. It simply said, "Sir!" and then there was silence.

I halted, and looked to the right, and the left, and upward. I soon discerned a white arm extended from an upper window of the asylum. It made a beckoning motion, to which I responded with a wave of the hand.

Then a crumpled bit of paper dropped from the hand, and fell to the ground near me.

"Did you get it?" said the voice.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Then go; read it; and have pity on me!"

The arm was drawn within and I was left alone in the moonlight.

"Here is a mystery," I thought, hastening away, for there was no time to loiter.

I set off for the Clarion office with long and rapid strides, pausing only once by a street lamp to read the paper that had been thrown from the window of the asylum. It contained these words:

"I saw you with the doctor. But he did not bring you to my room. For pity's sake help me out of this dreadful place. Come under the window to-morrow at midnight. There is no time to write more."

Here was food for thought. The handwriting was beautiful, though peculiar. It was plainly that of a cultivated woman and was of a kind to attract attention and inspire interest in the writer. I speculated, during my walk to the Clarion office, on whether Dr. Sloan had lent himself to the purpose of some evil-minded person; and whether there was imprisoned within those bleak stone walls some victim—perhaps a fair young girl—of greed, revenge or secret plotting.

I resolved to do my work as quickly as possible, then give the subject deliberate thought; and in the meantime say nothing to anybody regarding the strange incident which perhaps might develop into a big sensation for the columns of the Morning Clarion.

PART II.

The next morning I arose from bed at eleven o'clock—somewhat earlier than usual. It was my "day off," and I had formed plans of my own. After making arrangements to carry them into execution I sauntered into the office of the Clarion. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the other reporters had not yet arrived. I lit a pipe, sat down in a chair, leaned back, and gave myself up to smoking and reflection. I had fully made up my mind what to do regarding Dr. Sloan's asylum and the mysterious note; but there still remained an hour for repose and careful reflection.

Soon Wilbur came in.

"Hello, Denning," was his greeting. "You wrote your asylum report up in very good shape. A little dry perhaps—" then he paused.

"Well," I replied, "there really was no material for anything very sparkling. And the subject was hardly one to color very highly."

"Very true. But I noticed another thing."

"What was it?"

"There seemed to be a tone of reserve throughout the whole report."

"How so?" I asked, with a sudden feeling of confusion, which, however, I made a resolute effort to suppress.

"It was as if there was something back of everything you wrote—a kind of shady air of mental qualification."

Wilbur's penetration did not surprise me very much. He was a keen critic and a skillful detector of moods. I simply replied:

"I admit that I was careful about one thing—not to make the report read like a twenty-cent-a-line 'puff.'"

"Yes, of course, but you ought not to be loafing about this dingy old office on your day off. Go into the country and get some fresh air."

Half an hour later I set out for Dr. Sloan's asylum, with two companions. We went to a point about a hundred feet from the entrance, and halted.

"Now," said I, to my two friends, "wait here until I disappear within the doors of the asylum and then come back to the city. There is probably not more than one chance in five thousand that anything out of the way will happen, but in view of that one chance, you will be witnesses as to where I was last seen on this particular afternoon."

"All right, Denning. Fare thee well, and if forever——"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "Remember, both of you, that not a word is to be said to a living person of this expedition."

They then turned away and I proceded to my destination. Five minutes later I was seated in Dr. Sloan's reception-room waiting for an interview, and in a very short time the Doctor appeared.

"Oh, it's you," he said, as he came promptly forward and shook me by the hand. It was quite evident that he had recently left the dinner table, and was in good humor.

"I read your report this morning with a good deal of interest," he added. "It was very fair—very fair, indeed; though it seems to me that you took an extraordinary amount of trouble—coming out here at midnight."

"O, we are used to that," I replied. "We go to all sorts of places at all sorts of hours."

"And you doubtless like to take people off their guard once in a while," he said, laughing. "Perhaps, for instance, you expected to make some sensational discoveries last night."

"I don't know what the expectations of Wilbur, our city editor, were. As for myself, I expected nothing, and—"

"Found nothing," interrupted the Doctor.

"Found nothing—except, perhaps a clue," I replied, looking at him steadily.

"A clue to what?"

"You will pardon me," I answered, "but we reporters are accustomed to sieze upon small circumstances and follow them up. It is so much a part of our calling that we become, in a measure, detectives. We know much more than we print, and it is often a more serious question with us what news to suppress than what to publish."

"Yes," said Dr. Sloan, with a searching look, as if endeavoring to comprehend the drift of my remarks.

"For instance," I continued, "I did not say in my report this morning that there was one patient in the asylum around whom clusters a mystery, a beautiful woman who suddenly appeared running through one of the halls and who as suddenly disappeared; who claims to be incarcerated unjustly, and who seeks aid from the outside world."

The doctor stared at me very hard during this brief speech, and his urbane manner quickly changed into a look of scorn and rage.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I am only telling you what did not appear in the report of my visit to this institution last night."

"Well, why should any such thing have appeared?"

"I am sure there is no need of your asking me that question, Doctor."

"Come, now, young replied the man,"Doctor, gruffly, "I suppose you think you have put this thing in a very dramatic manner. But I hate enigmas, and despise saying things for mere effect. Be kind enough to state your meaning explicitly."

"I am sure you know in part, at least, what I refer to. You remember the woman, or girl, whom you ordered to her room as we were descending the stairs last night. I did not see her during our tour of the institution, and caught only that one glimpse just before leaving. But she communicated with me—"

"What!"

"She threw a note from her window after I reached the open air. In it she begged me to help her escape from this dreadful place."

"Oh! is that all?" said the Doctor, as if the affair was a mere trifle.

"All!" I echoed.

"You don't mean to say that you attach any importance to a few lines scribbled by a crazy woman?"

"Well, sir, we are into the subject now, and we might as well go to the bottom of it. How do I know she is crazy? She may be the victim of a conspiracy. She wrote an intelligent note, expressing herself in brief and explicit style. She appealed for help. Her writing is that of one who has had culture. My interest is excited, and I am determined to pursue the subject to the end."

Dr. Sloan began to show signs of agitation, and Pcontinued:

"It would make an excellent newspaper story. We reporters, you are aware, are always on the look-out for so-called 'sensations.' I can say that the Clarion never prints anything without being sure of its ground. Oftentimes, when we apparently plunge into guesswork, we are fortified by more facts than ever emerge from the secrecy of our private desks. From this you will understand my object in coming here to-day."

"I can't say that it is perfectly clear to me," replied Dr. Sloan.

"I simply desire to give you an opportunity to make explanations, so that I may injure neither you nor the Clarion by publishing—"

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Print a word of it if you dare."

"Oh, very well, sir, if that is all you have to say I may as well go."

"Wait! What are you going to do?" Dr. Sloan was strongly agitated, though he still preserved his imperious manner.

"Impossible to say, sir," I replied. "I have to consult with Wilbur."

"I could have you thrown into one of my cells, and you would never see day light again!" said the Doctor in a threatening voice.

"I am not afraid of that. If I should not turn up at the Clarion on time your institution would be searched from cellar to garret."

"Ah! Then you have already directed suspicion toward the institution?"

"By no means. Two of my friends know where I am—that's all. If I should be missing they would know where to look. They think it's a prank on my part. They have not the shadow of a suggestion of my errand here. I assure you of this, upon my honor."

"H'm! I don't know what that is worth," ejaculated the Doctor, and then he turned from me and began to pace the room. I could see that he was engaged in a mental argument, and waited patiently. Finally he halted, faced me, and said:

"Come."

He had evidently reached a conclusion, and was about to act upon it. He left the room, and I followed him, with feelings of the liveliest curiosity. We proceeded through the hall toward the front part of the building, and halted before a door. The Doctor knocked, and almost instantly the door opened and a middle-aged, matronly-looking woman appeared. The Doctor whispered an inquiry into her ear, to which she responded briefly.

"You can be excused," said Dr. Sloan, and the woman walked slowly down the hall.

"Come," again said the Doctor to me, and we entered the room.

The apartment had a homelike look, and was furnished with every appliance of comfort—and almost luxury. There were easy chairs, a couch, a book-case, a piano, a writing-desk, a table covered with books and papers; the walls were hung with pictures, and the floor was covered with a rich, soft carpet.

At the writing desk sat a woman. The profile view which was presented showed her to be of rare beauty. She was writing, and paid no attention to our entrance.

"Marion," said the doctor, in a kind voice.

"Just a moment," she replied. "I am in the midst of an idea."

"This gentlemen would like to speak to you."

I was about to utter a protest when the woman spoke.

"Oh, well, it will keep," she said. "Or if I lose it no harm will be done. I have plenty more. I just bubble over with ideas!"

With these words she laid down her pen and turned toward us with a smile. There was a ludicrous excess of affability in her tone and manner; and her large brilliant eyes had that restless glitter that is always the accompaniment of a mind disturbed. The Doctor quietly withdrew and I felt an uncomfortable thrill at being left alone with the beautiful lunatic.

She immediately began to talk volubly.

"So glad to see you," she tittered. Such an honor. Have you come to take me back to earth again? Because if you have I won't go. You see I have made up my mind that this is a pretty good place, after all."

"Let me think," she added. "I have now lived on the moon—well, it doesn't matter how many years. I shall stay awhile longer—long enough to finish my memoirs. Would you like to read the last chapter? Here it is."

She handed me a mass of manuscript, at which I glanced mechanically, and gave an involuntary start. It was in the same peculiar, elegant hand-writing as the note which had been flung from the window the night before.

I began to read the manuscript. It was an incoherent jumble of fragmentary sentences, without plan or meaning.

I pitied the woman, but took care not to betray any such feeling by word or look. I cared not to prolong the interview, and terminated it as quickly as possible. This was not difficult, for her attention was easily diverted from one object to another.

Every look from her eyes and every word from her lips showed her to be an undoubted lunatic.

On leaving the room I found the matronly-looking woman waiting in the hall, as I stepped away she quickly entered. The sound of shrill laughter came from the room and rang in my ears until I again reached Dr. Sloan's office

"Well, are you satisfied?" was his grim inquiry.

"Perfectly," I replied.

"I will relate to you a bit history," said the Doctor. "Fifteen years ago that woman was a fresh and beautiful girl. I met her, loved her and married her—"

"Dr. Sloan," I interrupted, earnestly, "do not, I beg of you, revive any painful memories. I ask to know nothing, and I sincerely beg your pardon for my mistaken zeal."

The Doctor waved his hand as if to enjoin silence.

"She is a lunatic by inheritance, but no one ever told me of the taint in her blood. It developed two years after our marriage, and after the first shock of the discovery I devoted myself to a study of her case. By degrees I became infatuated with the subject of diseased minds. It was my only relaxation, so to speak, and it soon took the form of a pursuit which absorbed all my energies. That is why you see me now, managing an institution of this kind. No one within these walls knows that Marion was my wife. She does not know it herself. She is peaceable and tolerably happy most of the time. She enjoys the distinction of being the only patient under this roof that I consider absolutely incurable."

The last words were spoken with a tinge of bitterness, which was quickly suppressed, however, as the Doctor added:

"If you respond to-night to the appeal in her note, you will have your trouble for nothing. She will have forgotten all about it."

"I shall not make the test," I replied, eagerly. "I again beg your pardon, and shall hold in profound respect the confidence you have reposed in me."

"I believe you," replied Dr. Sloan, and then he dismissed the subject. I thought I detected a struggle of painful emotions behind his grim exterior, but did not feel at liberty to add another word to the conversation.

I soon took my departure, and the next day resumed my duties. But the sensational item to which I thought I had a clue never saw light in the columns of the Morning Clarion.

The events I have related are now twenty years old. I have violated no confidence in tearing this leaf out of my note-book and setting down the incidents in connected form. The actors in the episode are dead, the names given are fictitious, and no one can suffer from this first revival of an incident which so long ago was safely consigned to a secret drawer of my private desk and labeled, "a suppressed sensation."

England Desires Harrison's Defeat.

The People, London.

The Republican convention assembled at Chicago has selected Mr. Benjamin Harrison as its representative in the presidential election by a large majority over Mr. Blaine. The defeat of Mr. Blaine is a matter for considerable congratulation among Englishmen. For that astute politician not only represents some of the most objectionable aspects of American political life, but he is also no friend to England, and is the nominee of the Irish party. In the contest between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, however, it is not to Mr. Harrison that this country should wish success. For the question at issue is, broadly speaking, a question of free-trade against protection. If Mr. Cleveland should be re-elected the United States tariff will be modified very materially in the direction of free-trade, a result which cannot, of course, fail to be beneficial to the trade of other countries, and especially of our own. President Cleveland in accepting his nomination by his own party has abstained, from motives of prudence, from repeating his sentiments on the subject of the tariff. But should he be re-elected there can be no doubt that he will find means to give effect to them.

BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE.

Words by C. JEFFERYS. S. NELSON.

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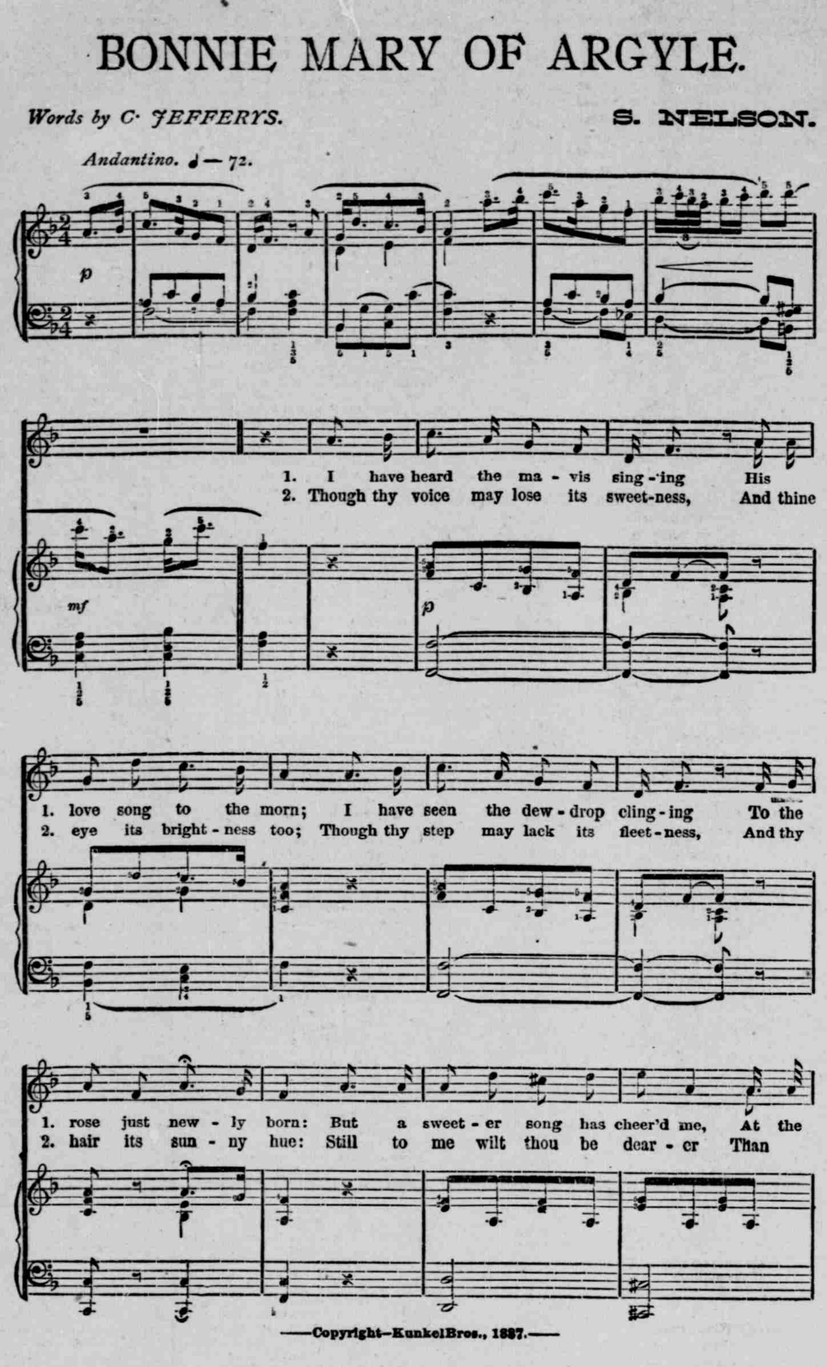

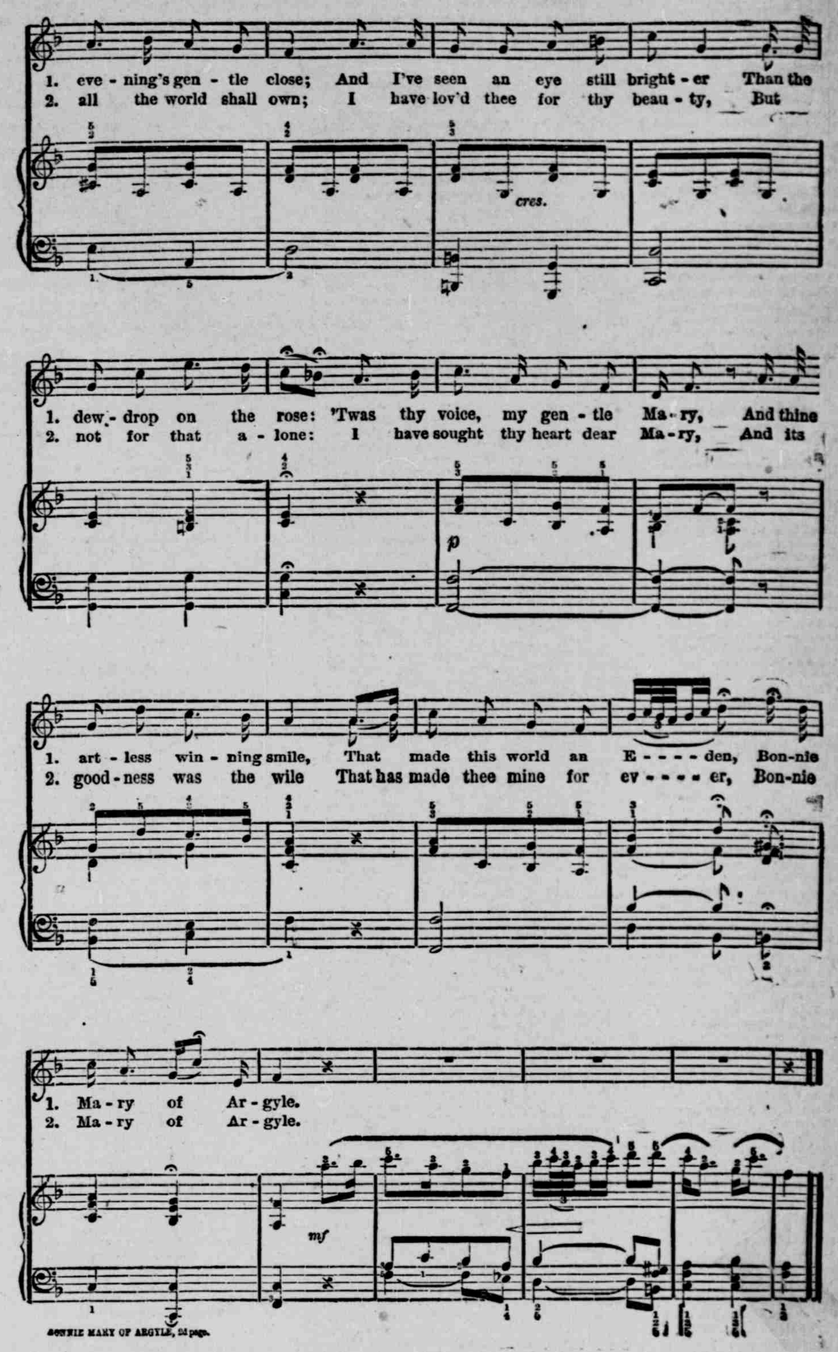

James Whitcomb Riley,

(Wethout ary apology.)

I got to thinkin' of him—as sometimes a feller will—
Of the night he give a lectur' to the folks in Shelbyville,
An' we set up until daylight, as them lecturers sometimes do—
A-talkin' of a hundred things that mightn't int'rest you;
I mind the things he rattled off that night, in boyish glee,
Recitations he recited to a audience of me;
How I laughed until the lan'lord come in an' sat us to be still—
So I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night at Shelbyville.

Then he'd kind o' quit his nonsense, an' we'd settle down a spell,
Tell Jim 'ud turn upon me an' begin agin—"Dey' tell 'Bout the time I went to Franklin fer the Babtist College folks!"
An' I'd stretch my mouth acrost my face, all ready fer the jokes;
But he'd branch off in a story 'bout the "Merry Workers" band,
That 'nless you knowed the "Workers" you c'd hardly understand;
I c'd hear myself a-swallerin', the room 'ud seem so still—
So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—like 'twas jest a year ago—
Fer time, that flies so fast in dreams, in alminicks is slow;
He was workin' like a beaver, lecturn' here an' lecturn' there,
An' a-writin' on the railroad cars, in taverns—ever'where,
Printin' poems in the papers, speakin' pieces at the fairs,
An' him an' me a-travelin', now an' then, around in pairs;
An' he seemed to think 'at he was no account at all—but still,
I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—an' the happy [?days gone by,
Tell the sweet "Old fashioned roses" seemed to bloom agin—and die;
An' I hear him talk agin about "My bride that is to be,"
When he'd come to "Grigsby station" jest to have a night weth me;
I kin see him settin' down agin, to give the Prince a rock,
When "The frost was on the pumpkin an' the corn was in the shock;"
An' I hear a laughing voice I loved, with music in its trill—
So I got to thinking of him, an' that night in Shelbyville.

So I set here an' I wonder ef I know jest what it means;
When I see 'em print his poetry in all the magazines;
An' I see him on the platform with the James and Howells set,
An' hear the people sayin', "He's the best one of 'em yet;"
An' I keep a winkin' back the tears that make my fool eyes shine.
Fer I couldn't feel no prouder ef he'd ben a boy of mine:
Fer he's jest the same old Riley, an' he'll be the same Jim still,
'At he was the night 'at him an' me set up at Shelbyville.

—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way
We should love with a life-time's love in a hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest not for dreams, but far fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

A Memory.

The rose's heart is red, so red;
The thrush's song is sweet, so sadsot;
The river lies, a flame of blue,
The morn is golden and complete.

I hear her voice amid the reeds,
Alike no other melody;
My name, across the echoing wold,
On wings of wind is borne to me.

I reach out—ah! my rose-red dream!
Gray shreds of gauze in ochre light
Spread slow along the water's trail,
Into the olive veil of night.

It must have been the friendly breeze,
With magic touch upon my brain,
With voice soft soughing thro' the trees,
That brought me thee, O love, again.

—Sharon Heath.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

For Short.

Time.

Sunday-school teacher—What is Jacob sometimes called? (meaning Israel.)

Little boy—He is sometimes called Jake.

Not So Bad as It Might Be.

Texas Siftings.

Customer (getting his hair cut)—Didn't you nip off a piece of that ear then?

Barber (reassuringly)—Yes, sah, a small piece; but not 'nough to effect de hearin', sah.

After Taking.

Time.

Don't take any stock in what the poets say about the woods in hot weather. They are the hottest hole under the dome, and chuck full of mosquitos working by the job.

The Queer Part of It.

Time.

Holton—I had a strange dream of you. I dreampt I went to heaven and saw you there.

Bickerstaff—Well?

Holton—Well, that's the strange part of it.

At the Seaside.

Burlington Free Press.

She (bathing for the first time in her new suit)—Why, Charles, how strange! It feels just as though I had my shoes on.

Charles—Hold up your foot, and let's see.

She (screaming)—Why, it's a crab.

A Gentle Reminder.

Time.

Bobby was spending the day with his Aunt.

"So you are learning to spell, are you Bobby?"

"Yes, I can spell first rate now."

"Let me hear you spell bread."

"I don't believe I can spell bread, Auntie; but I can spell a small piece of cake."

He Succumbed.

Time.

Ed—Do you love me, Lena?

Lena—I think so. I dream of you every night.

Ed—What is your dream?

Lena—I see you at Tiffany's—looking at diamond rings.

He Had Her

Boston Transcript.

A Cape man had been living fifteen years with his second wife. One was orthodox—the other wasn't. One day Mrs. Brown overheard her husband and a neighbor discussing the hereafter.

"What do you know about hell?" said she.

"I guess I know something," came the answer, "I've lived there the last fifteen years, and what a man 'speriences he knows."

A Brilliant Work.

Time.

News Editor—Have you seen the latest novel?

Literary Editor—Yes.

News Editor—Good, isn't it?

Literary Editor—I've just finished reviewing it for the next number.

News Editor—Finest thing I ever read!

Literary Editor—Indeed! I'll take it home to-night and read it.

A Great Favor.

New York Sun.

Old Gentleman (to daughter)—and so you have promised to marry young Sampson?

Daughter—Yes, papa, and the day is set, and the minister selected, and we are to go to Europe.

Old Gentleman (timidly)—My dear, I have a great favor to ask of you.

Daughter—What is it, papa?

Old Gentleman—If I'm not asking too much, would you mind sending me cards to the wedding?

Not That Far Along.

Boston Transcript.

The other day a Kentuckian, who had heard a good deal of Ethan Allen, the race horse, was at Montpelier with Col. George W. Hooker, and saw the equestrian statue to Ethan Allen, the soldier. "I say, old fellow," said the Kentuckian, "we think a mightly heap of horses in Kentucky but we have never erected a monument to a dead one yet."

He Seems to Speak from Experience.

Fall River Advance.

If there is anything that will bring a young man down with his nose to the grindstone of common sense, it is to see his best girl pinning the fifty cent bouquet which he had presented to her, in the coat of a dude admirer.

Ingrain carpets, worn beyond repair, should be cut into lengthwise strips, and woven the same as a rag carpet. It is unnecessary to sew the ingrain cuttings, weavers generally preferring to overlap the strips as they weave. Mats and carpets a[illegible] quite a Per[illegible] look when made in this w[illegible] are very d[illegible]